THE

NATIONAL ALARM;

OR,

Seasonable Admonition

TO THE

DEGENERATE NATIVES

Of the once *formidable* ISLAND of

GREAT BRITAIN:

Occasion'd by the

Late RUMOUR of a *fresh* INVASION meditating by their *Gallic* NEIGHBOURS.

Humbly inscrib'd to HIS GRACE

The DUKE of B--DF----D,

First Commissioner for executing the Office of *Lord High Ad--iral.*

By *J*—— *H*——, Esq;

O veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!——VIRG.

Not French, *but* British Phrygiæ, *'tis, we mean*;
For, grievously, *alas! is* chang'd *the Scene:*
BRITONS, *for* manly *Prowess*, late, *renown'd*,
Mere female *Warriors*, *are*, at present, *found*;
And FRENCHMEN, *who*, before, bewoman'd *seem'd*,
By martial Manhood, *have their* Fame redeem'd.

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TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of B--DF---D.

MY LORD,

WHEN we *pleasingly* contemplate on our present *happy* Establishment, both in *Church* and *State*, after the many vigorous Attempts of *Papal Arbitrary* Power to subvert it, it is natural to cast our Eyes, with *Adoration*, on those, whose Ancestors were most active, in, at length, securing to us that *inestimable* Blessing: And, as your Grace's Family (to which, you are yourself a *splendid* Ornament) now stands possessed, on that account, of no inconsiderable Share of Glory; so you will find the Purport of this Production unquestionably entitled to the Patronage of the *illustrious* House of RUSSEL.

Not, therefore, as a mere *Petitioner*, but even as a just *Demander*, I take the Freedom of applying for your Grace's *powerful* Protection of the *well-intended*, however *weak* Essay; and securely confiding in your well-known *Equity*, look on myself no less than certain of obtaining it.

I cannot, my Lord, conclude, without informing your Grace, that a certain *truly* noble Person, in the number of your most *intimate* Acquaintance, is ready to vouch for me, that even before the least Rumour arose, of your Grace's *intended* Acceptance of a Share in the *Administration*, I thus purpos'd to apply for your *important* Sanction to the Performance.

This I do myself the justice to mention, as an Argument, that my *now* making this Address, does not proceed from the *usual* Motive of *modern* Dedicators; *viz.* the Hope, of *sailing* to their *own Advancement*, by the *flowing Channel* of their *Ministerial* Patron's Interest. Yet, would I not be understood to reflect on those, who, by the *like* Advantage, would gladly make a *Voyage* of the *like* kind.

With the sincerest Deference,

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

J. H.

PREFACE

FROM THE

EDITOR to the READER.

THE enſuing Eſſay (as, on Peruſal, will readily be conceived) was intended, ſome Months ago, for Publication; but the committing it to the Preſs, having, by mere Accident, been rather too long defer'd, it was entirely, laid aſide, as having laps'd the proper Time for Exhibition.

Yet, (however *unſeaſonable*, in ſome Particulars, it may ſeem) ſince a Compoſition calculated for the putting a *free-born* People upon their Guard, againſt the ever *watchful*, inſolent *Invaders* of their *Liberty*, can, at no time, be juſtly deem'd *improper*; we have, on *maturer* Conſideration, at length, determin'd to preſent it to the *Public*.

The Author, it is confeſs'd, has, in certain Lines, been ſomewhat *rigorous* in his Cenſure on thoſe of the *Britiſh Militarians*, who were, laſt Summer, deſtin'd for *foreign* Service; yet *ſatirical Invective*, is by no means, the *natural* Diſpoſition of his Genius; nor are there wanting divers Inſtances to prove, that he is much more *willingly* an *Approver* of the *Meritorious*, than an *Exploder* of the *Unworthy*.

As for the *Brilliancy* of the Performance, full well he knows, that *little* can thereon be ſaid. Truly ſenſible he is, no Depth of Learning; no *Nicety* of Knowledge in the *refin'd* Rules of Poetry; no Ornament of Stile or Diction; no uncommon Strokes of Wit, throughout the whole Production will be found; Nor, that ſuch Embelliſhments are wanting, is he, in the leaſt, concern'd: Let him but acquire the *humble* Reputation of having, to the beſt of his *weak* Ability, excited his *degenerate* Fellow-Subjects to a *glorious* Imitation of their *Anceſtors* heroic, *Patriot*-Ardour; and his having miſs'd the Character of a *maſterly* Writer, will be no ſort of Diſappointment to him.

To conclude, however *feeble* the Attempt may ſeem, he will not deſpair of its proving, at leaſt, a *ſucceſsful* Hint to ſome *able* Genius, compleatly capable of doing juſtice to ſo *truly laudable* a Subject. In the mean time, the Senate now *opportunely* ſitting, he is not without ſome Hope, that ſuch Members of that *powerful* Aſſembly, who ſhall *caſually* honour the *vice-exploding* Piece, with a Peruſal, will look on the putting an expeditious Stop to the *debilitating*, *modiſh* Amuſements, therein enumerated, as highly worthy of their *choiceſt* Care; nothing near ſo much depriving us of the *manly* Hardineſs and Vigour, neceſſary to the Realm's Defence, againſt its preſent *formidable* Enemies, as thoſe Mind-debauching, Body-weakening, *womanizing* Entertainments. A total Prohibition of which, would conſequently have been no leſs conducive to the well-being of the *Public*, than the late ſevere *Senatorial* Reſtrictions laid upon the STAGE, (whoſe original *true* Deſign and Buſineſs, being to diſcountenance *Immorality*, and *warmly* to recommend the Practice of every kind of Virtue) were, *apparently*, detrimental to it.

THE

NATIONAL ALARM;

OR,

Seasonable Admonition, &c.

WHEN we the Tidings *eagerly* receiv'd,
Of gallant Deeds at *Dettingen* atchiev'd,
Warm was the Joy, by each *true Briton* shewn,
And none more *truely* ardent, than my own:
But (such the Ordinance of *niggard* Fate)
Already ends that Pleasure's *scanty* Date,
And now, with Lays *reluctant*, I proclaim
The mournful Forfeiture of *Albion* Fame;
Grief damping, while I tell th' unwelcome News,
With sad Dejection, my lamenting Muse.

When late assembled on the *Flemish* Plain,
With *martial* Equipage's sumptuous Train;

With Steeds caparison'd at Cost *immense*,
And Tents, embellish'd, at no less Expence;
With Regimentals for the *British* Beaux,
Trimm'd in the gorgeous Mode of Birth-Day Cloaths;
Denotements plain, that fighting wou'd prove less
Their Taste, than Splendor, and the Glare of Dress.
When thus *Britannia*'s pompous Troops, I say,
Last Year encamp'd, in *glittering* Array;
In glittering *Inactivity*, alone,
Their Genius *soldierly*, alas! was shown.
No just Reflection did they seem to make;
Their Country's *precious Freedom* was at Stake;
Nor more a *war-like* Disposition shew,
Than when *parading* at *Hyde-Park* Review.
Confus'd, *unskilful*, by *weak Counsels* mov'd,
A *home-bred* Army, thus *abroad* they prov'd;
While favour'd by their Gallantry's Decay,
Briskly to Conquest, *Gallia* made her Way;
Siege after Siege, successfully essay'd,
By no Annoyance from the Foe, dismay'd.

Since then, to State so *low* the *Glory's* brought,
Which, with their Blood, our *gallant* Grandsires bought;

Too,

Too, too well grounded is the Cause to fear,
The Time of *British Vassalage* is near.

A Curse on *Luxury*, Seducer vile!
Once wisely shun'd, in this once happy Isle;
For, oh! 'twas Luxury, destructive Vice!
That gave to soft *Effeminacy*, Rise;
That introduc'd the *Foppery* of Dress,
And *Revelling's* inordinate Excess;
In Fashion brought the numerous, fatal Train
Of Entertainments despicably vain;
The senseless *Mimickry* of *Masquerade*;
Ridotto's gay, *irrational* Parade;
The childish Kill-time of unmeaning Ball;
Castrated Songster's *operatic* Squawl;
And each light Foolery of shameful kind,
That can *enfeeble*, or *debase* the Mind.

These Follies pregnant with *enslaving* Woe,
And many more, to *Luxury* we owe.
By her Tuition *Virtue* we deride,
And *Vice voluptuous* solely make our *Guide*.

As

As Seaſons change, the Faſhion changing too,
Their various Round of Nonſenſe we purſue;
In *Winter*, *Junkets* numberleſs, attend;
At *Renelagh*, the *Summer*, ſauntering, ſpend;
There idly reap enervating Delight,
In diſapproving moral Wiſdom's Spight:
And while thus keenly we for Pleaſure look,
Serenely view all publick Good forſook*.

As *Luxury*, in ſhort, thus leads the Dance,
To dreadful Bondage daily we advance;
Fonder and fonder grow of *ſenſual* Charms,
Becoming thence diſqualify'd for Arms;
And from true Manhood, by this fatal Fall,
Seem ready for the Chains of Tyrant *Gaul*.

Nay,

* Be it obſerv'd, that the frequenting *thoſe* Theatres, where *well-writ*, *moral* PLAYS, untagg'd with the *inſipid* Cloſe of *trivial Farce*, and ſhowy, *ſenſeleſs Pantomime*, appear to be exhibited, is, in the above Catalogue of *deſpicable Follies*, wholly omitted, as rather meriting *Applauſe*, than *Cenſure*.

Nay, be it known too, that as the Author is himſelf a *warm Approver* of ſuch *rational*, and even *edifying* Entertainments, as evidently come under this Deſcription; ſo no one more heartily grieves, that, by a P—li—t-ry Ordinance of ſome Years ſtanding, *dramatic* Writers are, at preſent, *ſhamefully* diſcourag'd, by their Production's being render'd liable to *injudicious mangling*, and *unskilful Amputation*, by the *rueful* Hands of a *new-appointed* kind of *Operators*, entitled *Licencers*; Gentlemen, who, 'tis fear'd, not as being approv'd Judges of the Buſineſs of the *Drama*, but merely as having *courtly* Intereſt, become poſſeſſed of thoſe Employments; and, of courſe, enjoy the ſweet Emolument of *Salary*, for often wounding, in the *moſt tender* Parts, the moſt *elegant* of SCIENCES. If the *preſent* Regulators of *theatric* Exhibitions, are, *fortuitouſly*, equal to the Office; may they, by a *long* Continuance therein, *long* ſecure *the Stage*, from the *Wit-oppreſſing* Curſe of *leſs qualify'd* Succeſſors.

Nay, *ſuch* our Paſſion, *now*, for *vain* Delight,
That, tho' already *Ruin* is in Sight,
As *ſhe* comes forward, *we* ſtill Pleaſure take,
Nor, for Reſiſtance, Preparation make;
Sure Symptom of Unfitneſs to oppoſe
The *Warlike* Efforts of *enſlaving* Foes.

When *foreign* Inſolence with *lawleſs* Might,
Invaſion threatens on our *native* Right,
Big Words, I grant, we laviſhly expreſs,
In the *trite* Stile of DUTIFUL ADDRESS;
Vaunting therein of *loyal* Hearts and *true*,
And, for the Realm's Defence, what *Feats* we'll do;
But, the *ſubſtantial* Conſequence, of Deeds,
Thoſe *airy Boaſts*, but *heavily* ſucceeds.

Rouze, rouze, for Shame, *degenerate* COUNTRYMEN,
And, be proud *Gallia's* Terror, once again;
Again, let Thirſt of *Fame* your Hearts excite,
To do yourſelves, and *injur'd* Country right.
Let thoſe, *abroad*, who're deſtin'd to the *Camp*,
Prove, by their Ardour, the true *martial* Stamp

While those at *home*, restraining soft Desires,
Forbear to waste what *costly* War requires;
And, barely to be *frugal*, not content,
By Industry, the *Public Stock* augment.
Since too, th' Allowance for *m-j-stic* State,
Must be confess'd *exuberantly* great,
Let R-y-l *Br--s--ck* to the *Scheme* give weight;
By *charitable* Thousands, little miss'd,
In such *Redundancy* of C-v-l L-st,
Let him, its *worthy* Purposes, assist.
Thus, *Prince-like*, let him *gratefully* behave,
And * those he governs, *mercifully*, save
From *vast* Taxation, who *so vastly* gave;
To *their* Distress, quick Succour, let him bring,
Themselves, who *beggar'd*, to *enrich* their K--.
Nay, strictest J-stice, keeping in his View,
To *B-it--n*, let him give, *all B-it--n's* Due;

Nor

* It will doubtless be remark'd, that our Fellow-Subjects, at first *keenly* censur'd, for having brought themselves, by immoderate *expensive Luxury*, to a melancholy State of *Indigence*; meet afterwards, not only with the tenderest Compassion, but likewise with the warmest Wishes, that immediate *Royal* Bounty may *alleviate* their *redur'd Condition*. This, I say, will doubtless be observ'd; and however, by *uncandid, inconsiderate* Critics, it may be exploded, as savouring of *Absurdity*; it is humbly apprehended, that *Custom*, as well as *Nature*, may justly be pleaded in its Defence. For what more common, than sharply to *chide* our *dearest*, and *most valu'd* Friends, for *self-prejudicing* Indiscretions? And, the *rebuking* Lecture being over, what more *natural* (to *generous* Minds, I mean) than, relentingly to afford them commiserating kind Condolance, attended with our best Endeavours at *the Restoration* of their *former Happiness?*

Nor e'er convert her Subsidies' Produce,
To *f-reign* District's *dwantitl'd* Use.
With no *less Equity*, let *Britons* pay
The Thanks they owe, to such *heart-winning* Sway;
Their *Liege* revere, with *well-deserv'd* Esteem,
And prove *his Welfare*, is *their Joy supreme.*

Methods like these, let *Prince*, and *People* take,
Happy, each other, *mutually*, to *make.*
So shall this Land, with *Nature's Bounty* crown'd,
'Gainst *foreign* Insults *fortify'd* be found.

Yet still to make the *Blessing* more secure,
And, every *national* ill Habit, cure;
Let those *wise* Rules, my *Countrymen*, be try'd,
Which prov'd *successfully* old *Sparta's* Guide:
By them, instructed, learn to *diet plain*,
And *Health*, by *salutary* TEMPERANCE, gain;
By them instructed, *manly Labour* prize,
And, *Ease unmanning*, laudably, despise;

By

By them instructed, e'er it is too late,
Expence avoid, in *needless Pomp*, and *State*,
And as, once, *Sparta* was, will *Britain* soon, *be great*.

Be this, I say, your commendable Aim,
And each *Perdition-bringing* Vice, disclaim.
But, above all, which is *of* all, the *worst*,
Discord amongst yourselves extinguish, first;
From whence, the *direful* Evil that proceeds,
Ev'n *Luxury's fell* Consequence exceeds;
For, while to ruinous *intestine* Spight,
A Loose you give, against *yourselves* you *fight*,
The very Business doing, which your Foes
Would otherwise attempt with *fruitless* Blows.
Forbear, forbear, my Countrymen, in time,
So baneful, so *unnatural* a Caime!
To which, *unhappily* you 're prone to yield,
At *home*, *abroad*, in *Cabinet*, or *Field*.

To this Advice, your *Birth-Right* to defend,
With Resolution, to pursue, attend;

And,

And, in purſuing it, no Labour ſpare;
Richly th' *Inheritance* is worth your Care:
For O, look round, your Situation ſee,
A *Heav'nly* Iſle, from Air inclement, free;
Healthful the Clime, prolific too, the Soil,
Which ſcarce requires the *hardy Peaſant's* Toil:
Fertile each *Field*, and each extenſive *Plain*,
Here, *Paſture* riſing; there, the copious *Grain*:
Both *Mead* and *Arable*, rich Crops ſupply,
While *lovely* rural Scenes *regale* the *Eye*;
And, what's the *greateſt Happineſs* of *all*,
Their Owners, *Owners*, we may *truely* call:
Nor *P-ince* nor *Prieſt* can ſay, by *Right divine*,
I, this, or that demand, 'tis therefore *mine*.

How different alas! would be the Caſe,
Should arbitrary *Gallic* Laws take place:
Where *Benefit* and *Beauty* moſt abound,
No more would be the *true Poſſeſſor's* Ground:
Inſatiate Ch--chm-n, with *rapacious* Hands,
Again would ſeize the antient *Abbey*-Lands;

And, ſtrongly aided by *tyrannic Might*,
Plead the Revival of their *papal* Right.

Monarchal, thus, or *Eccleſiaſtic* Sway,
Its Finger on each *pleaſing Spot* would lay.
Here, a *magnificent* and *ſtately* Seat,
In each *enchanting Elegance*, compleat;
Within, adorn'd, in Taſte genteel, throughout,
With Water, Woods, and verdant Lawns, *without*,
Worthy of *regal Uſe* would be declar'd,
And ſtrait, for *royal Luxury*, prepar'd.
Another, there, with no leſs Grace, deſign'd,
Monaſtic Occupation ſoon would find;
And, of *P-llution* what *before* was void,
In *c-rnal* Vice, *thenceforward*, be employ'd:
Within, each *Cloſet*, and *without*, each *Grove*,
Conſcious would prove of *filthy l—leſs Love*:
In every Hole, the *l-cherous* Trade would drive,
And, GIRARD's and CADIERE's old Pranks revive.

Thus each fair Fabrick in this beauteous Iſle,
Would lewd, laſcivious H-pocrites *defile*;

Producing,

Producing, to *Religion's* foul Disgrace,
A *spurious, Popish, Lust-devoted* Race.
Nay, more; the Curse of *ceasing to be free,*
The Loss would follow of *your Property:*
E'en by *yourselves,* like *Bondmen,* plow'd and sown
Would be those *very Fields,* by *Birth,* your *own*;
And while *despotic Pow'r* is thus display'd,
Assistant Vassals, would your *Sons* be made;
Nor, would your *Daughter's* Chastity escape,
The *dire* Attacks of S--erdotal Rape.
Think of these Ills as your impending Woes,
In Time uniting 'gainst the common Foes.

But not from nearly neighbouring Shores, alone,
From whence *Invasion* is so *frequent* grown,
Is, of your *Welfare's Loss,* the Danger shown;
But Grounds for Dread *too manifest* appear,
In GAUL's more distant, *vanquishing* Career;
Career, which carries *Terror,* as it flies,
And brave Opposers' *fruitless* Force, defies.

Thrice

Thrice glorious *Charles*, 'tis true, in *Fate's* Despight,
To *martial Fame* has prov'd *unequal'd* Right;
Nor, while demonstrating, that ne'er was shown
A *Soldier's Genius* abler than his own,
Did the dividing *Rhine's endangering* Streams,
Disheartning give to his *heroic* Schemes;
But daring, the *rough* Task, to undergo,
Those Streams he pass'd, and *keenly* fought the *Foe*.

Then, then it was, with *his* Behaviour, fir'd,
Our *British Beaux*, with Courage, grew inspir'd;
Felt in their *Breasts*, returning Ardour burn,
And *loudly* talk'd of *conquering*, in *their Turn*.
'Twas then, that stung with the *tormenting* Thought,
Their *late gain'd Honour* should *to Shame* be brought,
Resolv'd they seem'd, *Reprisals quick* to make,
And each *new vanquish'd Barrier Town*, retake;
Nor, to relinquish their *well-grounded* Hate,
'Till *Paris* met *Menin* and *Ypres'* Fate.

But

But oh, the vain, tho' *wide-extended* Scope,
When *adverſe* FORTUNE frowns, of *mortal* Hope!
The *ſubtle* P--USSIAN gives them *new* Alarms,
And BOURBON aids, with *Slaughter-dealing* Arms;
His Troops well diſciplin'd, a *dreadful Hoſt!*
All, high in Mettle, *certain* Conqueſt boaſt;
Warmly, th' *Imperial* Partizans they join,
And render void their *pre-mature* Deſign.

Methinks, *ev'n now*, with *Grief of Heart* I view--
(Forbid, YE POW'RS, *mere Fancy* ſhould *prove* true!)
With *mental* Sight, methinks, ev'n now, I ſay,
I view the Horrors of a *fatal* Day.
Each Army to the other, drawing nigh,
Each other marks, with *keen obſervant* Eye.
Now *Skirmiſhes* begin with *ſparring* Blows,
Now *general* the *furious* Conflict grows.
Now, *terrible*, and *bloody*, it becomes,
Here, *Cannons* roaring, there, loud beating, *Drums*.
To theſe, their Voice, the ſhrill-ton'd *Trumpets*, join,
And claſhing *Arms*, with *dreadful* Luſtre, ſhine.

With equal Valour, and with equal Rage,
FORTUNE, yet *doubtful* wavering, they engage.
Britons, the Spirit ſeeming to have found,
By which, at *Dettingen*, they prov'd renown'd,
Gallant, *aſtoniſhing* Atchievements do;
Their *German* Friends th' Example well purſue;
And, while DEATH *grimly* ſtalks around the Plain,
'Gainſt Odds *incredible*, their Ground maintain.
Now, now, by Numbers' far ſuperior Might,
O'erpow'r'd, they ſeem, awhile, diſpos'd to *Flight*.
Now, nimbly rallying, to the Charge return,
Feeling their Breaſts, with *new-fluſh'd* Ardour, burn.
Now, Feud *inteſtine*, ALBION's *conſtant Bane*,
Renders *unhappily* their Courage, *vain*:
So *ſtrong*, the Foible *national*, is found!
So unconfineable to *Reaſon's* Bound!
I' th' Battle's Heat, when *moſt* they ſhould *unite*,
They moſt diſcover their *diſcordant* Spight;
By *mere Punctilio's* prompted, Sword in Hand,
Unſeaſonably wrangling *for Command*.

The

The *Poison* operates with ſwift Diſpatch,
And, all th' *Alliance* its *Infection* catch:
Reſentment, Enmity, and Spleen enſue,
And *military* Order, quite undo,
Bavarians, *Gauls*, and *Pruſſians*, 'vantage take,
And, *Havock* of their *ſcatter'd* Legions make.

Inſurgents bold, by Chiefs undaunted, led,
Like Lions, ſeem inſenſible of Dread.
The *Pandour*, *Croat*, and robuſt *Uhlan*,
Prove Courage firm, as e'er appear'd in Man.
Of *Auſtrian* Breed, the ſwift, alert *Huſſar*,
With no leſs Valour, ſhares the Toils of War.
Yet, thus intrepidly tho' all behave,
With *ineffectual* Ardour, all *are brave*;
And, ſpight of *Gallantry*, conſtrain'd to yield,
Or, *die* upon, or 'ſcape, by *Flight*, the Field.

Of thoſe who *Germans* lead, and their Allies,
'Gainſt LIBERTY's *tyrannic* Enemies,
Each Action, meriting *immortal Fame*,
As, not eſſential, I forbear to name;

For,

For, who (well known before) will need to hear,
That *faultless Conduct*, and *Contempt of Fear*,
Belong to well-try'd *Wade*, and *Ligonier*;
To *Campbel*, *Honeywood*, *Cope*, *Berenclau*,
Nadasti, *Palfi*, *Waldeck*, or *Nassau*;
Whose Characters ne'er bore *disgraceful Flaw?*
Or, who, that *William*, from great *Brunswick*, sprung,
Is a *consummate* General, *tho' young?*

Remarks digressive, here, in short, to close,
No longer having Power to oppose
Th' o'erbearing Torrent of *out-numbering* Foes;
Austrians, and all their brave conjunct Allies,
To *Gallia* fall a *glorious* Sacrifice.

The Day, alas! th' *important* Day they lose,
And *Bourbon*'s Triumph pompously ensues.
Here *Fate's* Decree, is fix'd; Decree of *Woe!*
Ordaining *Freedom's total Overthrow.*

Thus,

Thus, thus, *ſweet Liberty*, compleatly loſt,
All *Europe* mourns th' Attempt to guard it, croſs'd,
Except *enſlaving Gaul*; her End, who gains,
Having reduc'd her neighbouring Realms, *to Chains*;
Chains, which her own Allies, now *ſighing* wear,
As Friends, no longer worthy of her Care.

* As all this but from *Fancy* does proceed,
So, *merely* Fancy, may it prove, *indeed*;
But Fancy entering a *thoughtful* Head,
Too oft forebodes what *wiſe* Men *juſtly* dread.

To guard, in time, then, with *prudential* View,
Againſt whate'er hereafter may enſue,
Corruption ſpurn; in *ſteady Concord*, join;
And *Luxury*, *fell* Luxury, decline.
Then, while this Iſle, *like Bulwarks*, *Seas* ſurround,
Shall *this*, a Truth, a *well-prov'd* Truth, be found;
Tho' HALF THE WORLD *invade*, ſince thus agreed,
The Foe t' oppoſe, you no Allies will need.

* Since this *fanciful* Prophecy was conceiv'd, as we have often been cheer'd with the *exhilarating* News of Advantages gain'd, by the *Royal Hungarian* Heroine, over her *P--ſſian Treaty-violating* Antagoniſt; ſo, ſhould ſuch her Majeſty's (real) Succeſſes continue, 'till a ſafe and honourable Peace, both for herſelf, and her Allies enſues, the *Patriot*-Author of the ſaid Prediction, will chearfully ſubmit to be accounted an *inexpert* Diviner.

N. B. The News of his Imperial Majesty's Death being fresh arriv'd, we are sensible, that some Part, at least, of this Essay, will appear even more *unseasonable*, than it was before apprehended, it would.

ERRATA.

In Page 12, Line 15, instead of *Caime*, read *Crime*.
In Page 16, between the 10th and 11th Line, read the following Couplet;

Then, *Colonel* BROCADE, and *Captain* LACE,
Strutted, talk'd big, and form'd *tremendous* Face;

As the Piece, *in general*, may seem a little over-heighten'd with the Words gallant, and Gallantry; the *judicious* Reader is welcome, to place in the room of some of them, what other Words shall best suit his Fancy, bearing the same Meaning. As, likewise, it may, here and there, require some Amendment in the *pointing*; the *truely* knowing Critic, is desired, to employ, in such Places, his *corrective* Genius; and candidly to *wink* at many other Imperfections.